

## **His kiss 71**

### **Chapter 71**

With the office empty, Wesley's attention landed on Gabriela. "Well? Don't you have anything to say for yourself?"

Gabriela's shoulders stiffened as she met his eyes, refusing to answer. She pressed her lips together in silence.

What was there to say? Fiona's accusations were nothing but thinly veiled malice, and Gabriela had only swallowed her pride for the sake of her paycheck.

Wesley fixed her with a look of quiet reproach. "You're my personal secretary. If you let someone walk all over you, it reflects poorly on me."

A flicker of embarrassment crept into her cheeks at his words.

But Fiona's overly familiar tone when addressing Wesley suggested they were close. With such a dynamic, how was Gabriela, a secretary, supposed to stand her ground?

Without another word, Wesley retrieved an official-looking document from his desk and handed it to Gabriela.

She took the document without hesitation, her eyes scanning the bold print at the top.

It was a company-wide mandate urging all departments to cut back on water and electricity use.

Wesley spoke with crisp authority. “I’ll set the standard—starting with the CEO’s office. Go turn off the heat. Make sure every department gets the message, and tell them I expect full cooperation.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Gabriela gathered herself and strode out, still thrown by the sudden assignment.

She barely had time to process it before Billy showed up holding a fresh change of clothes. Grateful, Gabriela slipped away to the restroom, changed quickly, and then made the rounds, personally delivering the directive to each department.

The collective groan rippled through the office, but with Wesley leading the charge, even the most reluctant employees bundled up in heavy coats and shut off the heaters.

In the lounge, Fiona shivered as the room grew steadily colder.

Her coffee lost its warmth with each passing minute, and she silently cursed herself for not finishing it while it was still hot.

Now, with Billy and Gabriela gone, no one bothered to check on her. Isolated and freezing, Fiona's irritation simmered into rage.

She swore to herself she'd get them tossed out once she had the chance.

Gabriela returned from distributing the notices just as Wesley handed her a new assignment, his voice tinged with mischief. "Head to the lounge and watch the show. Things are about to get interesting."

Gabriela couldn't decipher Wesley's true agenda, but after mulling it over, she suspected that Fiona was just another persistent admirer whom he wanted her to quietly send away.

Clearly, in this place, every ounce of value was being squeezed from her. That generous salary came with more strings attached than she'd bargained for. She eased open the lounge door and spotted Fiona perched stiffly on the couch.

Even bundled up, Gabriela felt the icy bite of winter pressing through the walls, but Fiona, who'd sacrificed warmth for style, sat trembling—her teeth nearly chattering as she struggled to appear unfazed. The whole scene struck Gabriela as oddly amusing.

No sooner had she stepped inside than Fiona shot her a disgruntled glare.

"Why did someone shut off the heat?"

Gabriela knew she couldn't blurt out that Wesley wanted to cut costs. Instead, she put on a professional face and offered a harmless excuse. "The heating system's out. We've already called for repairs."

Fiona's icy glare made it obvious she didn't believe a word.

She probably thought Gabriela was throwing her weight around just to make her uncomfortable.

Who did this secretary think she was, daring to challenge her for Wesley's attention?

Spotting the tense set of Fiona's jaw, Gabriela kept her tone light but couldn't resist. "It's freezing in here. Are you sure you don't want to put on something warmer, Ms. Dewitt?" A flicker of concern crossed her face. "You're looking a little pale. Are you feeling under the weather?"

Just then, Billy stepped in, barely suppressing a laugh behind a forced cough. Gabriela wasted no time, her tone light but pointed. "See? You've already managed to pass it on to Billy."

Fiona's composure shattered. Her cheeks flushed a furious crimson.

She had battled the bitter wind outside just to look flawless for Wesley—certainly not to become the punchline of Gabriela's barbs.